

THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—“A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend.”—Pope.—

VOL. II.

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FOR THE EDITOR.

FOR THE COMPANION.

ON THE ORIGIN OF LETTERS.

Among the Greeks the genius of poets and orators, as might naturally be expected was distinguished by an amiable simplicity, which whatever rudeness may sometimes attend it is so fitted to express the genuine movements of nature and passion, that the compositions possessed of it must for ever appear valuable to the discerning part of mankind. The glaring figures of discourse, the pointed antithesis, the unnatural conceit, the jingle of words; such false ornaments were not employed by early writers; not because they were rejected, but because they scarcely ever occurred to them. An easy, unforced strain of sentiment runs through their compositions; though at the same time we may observe, that, amidst the most elegant simplicity of thought and expression, one is sometimes surprised to meet with a poor conceit, which had presented itself unsought for, and which the author had not acquired critical observation enough to condemn. A bad taste seizes with avidity these frivolous beauties and even perhaps a good taste ere surfeited by them—They multiply more and more in the fashionable compositions. Nature and good sense are neglected: laboured ornaments studied and admired; and a total degeneracy of style and language prepares the way for barbarism and ignorance. Hence the Asiatic manner was found to depart so much from the simple purity of Athens; hence that tinsel eloquence, which is observable in many of the Roman writers, from which Cicero himself is not wholly exempt and which so much prevails in Ovid, Seneca, Lucan, Martial and the Plinys.

On the revival of letters, when the judgment of the pub-

lic is as yet raw and unformed, this false glitter catches the eye and leaves no room, either in eloquence or poetry, for the durable beauties of solid sense and lively passion. The reigning genius is then diametrically opposite to that which prevails on the first origin of arts—The Italian writers it is evident, even the most celebrated have not reached the proper simplicity of thought and composition, and in Petrarch, Tasso, Guarini frivolous witticisms and forced conceits are but too predominant. The period, during which letters were cultivated in Italy was so short as scarcely to allow leisure for correcting this adulterated relish.

The more early French writers are liable to the same reproach, Voiture, Balzac and even Corneille, have too much affected those ambitious ornaments of which the Italians in general and the least pure of the ancients supplied them with so many models—and it was not till late, that observation and reflection gave rise to a more natural turn of thought and composition among that elegant people.

A like character may be extended to the first English writers; such as flourished during the reign of Elizabeth and James and even till long afterwards—Learning on its revival in this island, was attired in the same unnatural garb, which it wore at the time of its decay among the Greeks and Romans.—And what may be regarded as a misfortune, the English writers were possessed of great genius before they were endued with any degree of taste, and by that means gave a kind of sanction to those forced terms and sentiments, which they so much affected—Their distorted conceptions and expressions are attended with such vigour of mind that we admire the imagination which produced them, as much as we blame the want of judgment which gave them admittance.

If Shakespeare be considered as a man, born in a rude age and educated in the lowest manner without any instruction either from the world or from books, he may be regarded as a prodigy: if represented as a poet capable of furnishing a proper entertainment to a refined or intelligent

audience we must abate somewhat of this eulogy. In his composition we regret that many irregularities and even sometimes absurdities should so frequently disfigure the animated and passionate scenes intermixed with them; and at the same time, we perhaps admire the more those beauties on account of their being surrounded with such deformities. A striking peculiarity of sentiment, adapted to a singular character, he frequently hits as it were by inspiration; but a reasonable propriety of thought he cannot for any time uphold. Nervous and picturesque expressions, as well as descriptions abound in him; but it is in vain we look either for continued purity or simplicity of diction. His total ignorance of all theatrical art and conduct, however material a defect, yet as it affects the spectator rather than the reader, we can more easily excuse than that want of taste which often prevails in his productions, and which gives way only by intervals, to the irradiation of genius. A great and fertile genius he certainly possessed, and one enriched equally with a tragic and comic vein; but, he ought to be cited as a proof, how dangerous it is to rely on these advantages alone, for the attaining an excellence in the finer arts. And there may even remain a suspicion that we overrate, if possible, the greatness of his genius in the same manner as bodies often appear more gigantic on account of their being disproportioned and mishapen—he died in 1616 aged 53 years.

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FOR THE COMPANION.

*"Can you discern another's mind?  
Why is't you envy? Env'ys blind.  
Tell envy, when she would annoy,  
That thousands want, what you enjoy."*

This passion, which Locke defines "an uneasiness caused by the consideration of a good we desire, obtained by one we think should not have had it before us; is one of the greatest enemies of human happiness. Complete satisfaction, does not fall to the share of mortals, in this state of existence. Providence has wisely ordered it otherwise. But I believe we should find, were we to examine our own hearts, that most of our wants are created by a reference to what others possess.

"The wants of our nature are cheaply supplied."

In the consciousness of our integrity, accompanied with a reliance on divine goodness, we have an ample resource for their supply. And as the poetess further observes—

"The rest are but folly and care."

I consider it morally impossible to be acquainted with the nature of our own being, without perceiving that we owe our

existence, as well as every enjoyment of it, to an all-wise supreme disposer of events. That it therefore behoves us as the creatures of such a being, to consider the relation in which we stand to him.—And when we do this, can we doubt for a moment that to each his proper sphere is assigned? Can we suppose intelligent beings, as we are, to be left with a dependance, merely fortuitous? Or that whilst we transgress not the order of providence, we shall cease to be objects of providential care? What then should be our principal concern? What the primary object of our pursuit? Certainly to secure, the approbation of him on whom our being and our happiness depend. To attain a knowledge of his will concerning us—and act in a simple conformity thereto. Labour will be necessary for the support of our bodies—it will be necessary for the improvement of our minds. But with regard to the enjoyments of our neighbour, we should never look at them, with an envious eye. As stewards of what we ourselves possess, we may have to contribute to the necessities of others—as absolute dependants on providential goodness, we may perhaps be willing to receive their assistance—but this tormenting passion should be banished from our breasts.

Having thus shewn what ought to govern us in the consideration of our relative enjoyments, I shall now endeavour to point out, wherein we are apt to err.—It is generally the case that those who have shone with the greatest brilliancy, in the most distinguished ranks, are the persons whose history we are first acquainted with. Heroes and statesmen, poets and orators, are pourtrayed; their praises are sung; their actions recorded. We are dazzled by the splendour of their illustrious names, and kindles in our breasts a glowing ardour. They may have been in their respective stations examples worthy of imitation. But is it not evident, that (in comparison of the whole) but very few are destined to act the parts of such characters?

"Order is heaven's first law; and this confest,  
Some are and must be greater than the rest;  
More rich, more wise—but who infers from hence,  
That such are happier, shocks all common sense."

Yet alas! how often in the pursuit of eminence are all the enjoyments of life sacrificed? How often the order of providence inverted; the peace and harmony of society interrupted, by the aspiring votaries of wealth, fame and distinction: so fatal, so destructive to human happiness, is an ill-directed, an envious ambition.

It is true, the love of fame is implanted in our nature; nor is honest fame an unworthy object; but, as an ingenious author observes, the way to attain it is not to pursue it

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To desire it, at the expence of the peace of society, of divine approbation and internal peace is at once a pitiful, & a sinful ambition. It is virtue alone, that in any condition can render a man truly eminent. That fame, which is acquired by other means may dazzle the eyes, it is true, at a distance; but when it is tried by the standard of true merit, the illusion vanishes—we view it with contempt. Let us cease then to propose to ourselves as examples, those who are moving in higher spheres. Let us endeavour to content ourselves in the allotments of providence—Let us faithfully discharge our respective duties.—So in the enjoyment of divine approbation, in the consciousness of our integrity, and the consequent peace of it; we may in the language of the author of my motto,

Tell envy, when she would annoy,  
That thousands want what we enjoy.

INCOGNITUS.

### HINTS FOR YOUNG MARRIED WOMEN.

FROM THE AMERICAN MUSEUM.

It has often been thought that the first year after marriage is the happiest of a woman's life. We must first suppose that she marries from motives of affection or what the world calls love; and even in this case the rule admits of many exceptions and she encounters many difficulties. She has her husband's temper to study, his family to please, household cares to attend, and, what is worse than all, she must cease to command and learn to obey. She must learn to submit without repining where she has been used to have even her looks studied.

Would the tender lover treat his adored mistress like a rational being rather than a goddess, a woman's task would be rendered much easier and her life much happier. Would the flatterer pay his devoirs to her understanding, rather than to her person, he would soon find his account in it; would he consult her on his affairs, converse with her freely on all subjects, and make her his companion and friend, instead of flattering her beauty, admiring her dress and exalting her beyond what human nature merits, for what can at best be only called fashionable accomplishments, he would find himself less disappointed, and she rattle the marriage chains with less impatience and difficulty. How can the sensible man expect the poor, vain trifler, to whom he pays so much court, should make an intelligent agreeable companion, an assiduous and careful wife, a fond and anxious mother. When a man pays court only to a woman's vanity, he can expect nothing but a fashionable wife, who may shine as a fine lady, but never in the softer intercourse of domestic endearments. How often is it

owing to these lords of the creation that the poor women become in reality what their ridiculous partiality made them suppose themselves.

A pretty method this is of improving the temper, informing the mind, engaging the affections and exciting our esteem for those objects that we entrust with our future happiness. I will now give my fair friends a few hints with regard to their conduct in the most respectable of all characters—a wife, a mother and a friend. But first let me assert, and I do it with confidence, that nothing can be more false than the idea that the reformed rakes make the best husbands: this is a common opinion, but it is not mine, at least there are too many chances against it.

A libertine by the time he can bear to think of matrimony, has little left to boast of but a shattered constitution, empty pocket, tradesmen's bills, bad habits, and a taste for dress and vices of every denomination. The poor wife's fortune will supply the rake with these fashionable follies a little longer, when money, the last resource fails, he becomes peevish, sour and discontented; angry that she can indulge him no longer and ungrateful, and regardless of her past favours; disease with all her miserable attendants next steps in! ill is he prepared either in body or mind to cope with pain, sickness, poverty and wretchedness. The poor wife has spent her all in supporting his extravagances; she may now pine for want with a helpless infant crying for bread; shunned and despised by her friends and neglected by her acquaintance! This, my beloved fair, is too often the case with many of our sex. The task of reforming a rake is much above our capacity. I wish our inclinations in this instance were as limited as our capacities: but alas, we vainly imagine we shall be rewarded for our resolution in making such a trial by the success which will attend our undertaking.

If a young woman marries an amiable young man, she has nothing to fear; she may ever glory in giving up her own wishes to his. Never marry a man whose understanding will not excite your esteem and whose virtues will not engage your affections. If a woman once thinks herself superior to her husband, all authority ceases, she cannot be brought to obey where she thinks she is so well entitled to command. Sweetness & gentleness are all a woman's eloquence, and sometimes they are too powerful to be resisted, especially when accompanied with youth and beauty. They are then enticements to virtue, preventatives from vice and affection's security. Never let your brow be clouded with resentment; never triumph in revenge! Who is it that you afflict, the man upon earth that should be dearest to you; upon whom all your future hopes of



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happiness must depend. Poor the conquest, when our dearest friend must suffer, and ungenerous must be the heart that can rejoice in such a victory! Let your tears persuade; these speak the most irresistible language with which you can assail the heart of man. But even these sweet fountains of sensibility must not flow too often, lest they degenerate into weakness, and we lose our husband's esteem and affection, by the very methods which were given us to ensure them. Study every little attention in your person, manner, dress, that you find please. Never be negligent in your appearance, because you expect nobody but your husband. He is the person whom you should chiefly endeavour to oblige. Always make home agreeable to him; receive him with ease, good humour and cheerfulness. But be cautious how you inquire into his engagements abroad. Betray neither suspicion nor jealousy. Appear always gay and happy in his presence. Be particularly attentive to his favourite friends, even if they intrude upon you. A welcome reception will at all times counterbalance indifferent fare. Treat his relations with respect and affection. Ask their advice in your household affairs, and always follow it when you can consistently with propriety.

Treat your husband with the most unreserved confidence in every thing that regards yourself; but never betray your friend's letters or secrets to him; this he cannot, and indeed ought not, to expect. If you do not use him to it he will never desire it. Be careful never to intrude upon his studies, or his pleasures. Be always glad too see him, but do not be laughed at as a fond foolishwife. Confine your endearments to your own fireside. Do not let the young envy, or the old abuse you for a weakness which upon reflection you must condemn.

These hints will I hope be of some service to my country women. They will perhaps have more weight when they know that the author of them has been married about a year, and often with success practised those rules herself which she now recommends to others.

FEMALE HEROISM.

About ten years ago there lived at Vienna a German count, who had long entertained a secret amour with a young lady of considerable family. After a correspondence of gallantries, which lasted two or three years, the father of the count, whose family was reduced to a low condition, found out a very advantageous match for him, and made his son sensible that he ought in common prudence to close with it. The count upon the first opportunity acquainted his mistress very fairly with what had passed, and laid the whole matter before her with such

freedom and openness of heart, that she seemingly consented to it. She only desired of him that they might have one meeting before they parted forever.

The place appointed for the interview was a grove which stands at a little distance from the town. They conversed together in this place for some time, when on a sudden the lady pulled out a pocket pistol and shot her lover in the heart; so that he fell dead at her feet; she then returned to her father's house, telling every one she met, what she had done. Her friends upon hearing her story, would have found means for her escape, but she told them she had killed her dear count, because she could not live without him, & that for the same reason, she was resolved to follow him by whatever way justice should determine. She was no sooner seized than she avowed her guilt, rejected all excuses that were made in her favor and begged that her execution might be speedy. She was sentenced to have her head cut off, and was apprehensive of nothing but that the interest of her friends would obtain pardon for her. When the confessor approached her she asked him where he thought the soul of her dear count was? He replied that the case was very dangerous, considering the circumstances in which he died; upon this so desperate was her phrenzy, that she bid him leave her, for that she was resolved to go to the same place where the count was. The priest was forced to give her better hopes of the deceased (from a consideration that he was breaking off so criminal a commerce, and leading a new life) before he could bring her mind to a temper, fit for one who was so near her end. Upon the day of her execution, she dressed herself in all her ornaments, and walked towards the scaffold more like an expecting bride, than a condemned criminal. She was placed in a chair, according to the custom of the place, where after having stretched out her neck with an air of joy, she called upon the name of the count, which was the signal appointed for the executioner, who with a single blow of his sword, severed her head from her body.

FROM AIKIN'S REVIEW.

Urania, ; or the Illuminé: a comedy, in Two Acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. By WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER, Esq.

A mild and very well-managed satire of the prevailing belief in Germany of supernatural visitations, of the existence and agency of ghosts or hobgoblins, vampires, and apparitions of every kind. Manfred, prince of Colonna,

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accompanied by his friend Conrad, the Count of Porta, arrives at Tarentum, in consequence of his father's earnest desire that he should marry the young Princess : Manfred himself, however is equally anxious to avoid it. " And can you think, my friend, that after such a zealous and persevering inquiry into the occult science ; at the moment when I am almost sure of gaining the affections of an immortal intelligencer, can you think that I will be diverted from my high calling by a mere mortal ? I own that my pulses throb at the idea of beauty, and that my heart pines for fellowship ; I know too that the Princess of Tarentum is fair and virtuous, and mistress of these rich domains ; but what are all earthly riches compared to the treasures of the grand science ; and what is all human beauty compared to that of the daughters of immortality ? "

The plot, then, is to make Manfred fall in love with Urania as an ethereal spirit : she descends from a cloud, 'midst the soft music of the spheres, with all the celestial beauty of an angel. The hero is entranced, and he marries as a woman her whom we loved as an immortal.

The dialogue to the underplot is managed with considerable humour : Pietro, the servant of Manfred, falls in love with Jaquelina, who is already engaged to Roderigo, the Princess's gardener.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*The Garden of the Castle.*

Enter RODERIGO the Gardener.

Roderigo.

Oh Jaquelina ! that you, whom I thought the sweetest and the purest of flowers, should turn out a venomous weed ; you first sowed the seeds of love in the hot bed of my heart, brought them forward with the sunshine of your eyes—and now comes the frost of your unkindness, to nip all my hopes !—My eyes run over like a watering-pot, and my heart swells like a bulged cabbage.—Then to leave me, who sprung on her own native soil, for this exotic Pietro—a canker on him ! if I could see him I would root him out like a dock. (*Works.*)

Enter PIETRO, reading a Letter.

Pietro. Oh ! bless thy mal-spelling, kind-hearted, lovely Jaquelina—the Princess has promised thee five hundred sequins if thou marriest a worthy man.—I am a worthy man, and thou wilt marry me : ergo, the five hundred sequins are thine ; and ergo they are mine. O sweet-looking pot-hooks, up and down—up and down, like the jacks of an harpsichord playing a jig. Then for my rival—what does the dear creature say, (*reading*) " I like a single word of yours better than all Roderigo's famous speeches."

Rod. (Looking up.) Roderigo's famous peaches ? Did your honour wish for some of my famous peaches ? Indeed, I believe there are no finer in all Italy, they all grow on a south wall ; and, as I suppose your honour is the young Prince who is come after our Princess, I shall be proud to offer you of the very best.

Pietro. (aside.) Egad ! this is my rival himself ; he has never seen me, and my fine air makes him take me for the Prince—this will do. Hem ! Indeed, are you Roderigo ? the most renowned gardener that ever put dung to a cucumber ? I am happy to make your acquaintance. I was just reading one of my letters from Rome, wherein my friend desires me to taste Roderigo's famous peaches.

Rod. Your honour's greatness is very flattering to be sure—to be sure, I believe no gardener ever produced a finer shew of fruit, or flowers either ; then to be sure, I have studied in botany, and know how to call every plant by its long name. But now, your honour, I must give all up—I must give it all up—and all, begging your pardon, owing to your honour.

Pietro. Give up your profession, owing to me ? how so, Signor Roderigo ?

Rod. Is it not your honour the master of one Pietro ?

Pietro. Why—why yes, in some degree, his master ; Pietro generally does every thing that I wish him to do.

Rod. Now then, if your honour would only wish him to hang himself, perhaps he might obey you, and all would be well with me again.

Pietro. Why, faith, I never thought of forming such a wish for Pietro. There was once, indeed, some idea of Pietro's being hanged ; and it gave me such a confounded odd feel about the neck, that I have never liked to think of it since.

Rod. Oh ! I see your honour's heart is as tender as a medlar ; and therefore I may venture to mention Jaquelina.

Pietro. Jaquelina ! Oh dear—I like that name ; pray mention it as often as ever you please.

Rod. Well then, your honour, this Jaquelina is daughter to Signor Carlos, who lives here, hard by.

Pietro. Ah ! I know him.

Rod. Why then, this Jaquelina, please your honour, used to come here into the Princess's garden, and after moistening her mouth with some of my peaches, that your honour has heard so much about—(I will get your honour some of them by dinner-time)—I used to teach her the long names of the plants, and tell her a little about graft-

ing and propagation, and such like : and then we talked about plants loving each other, and——

Pietro. Oh, I understand you ; talking about the fashionable system of vegetable matrimony. Plants that cling together, hot-beds, nurseries, suckers, and so forth, put you in mind of——

Rod. Just so, your honour, put me in mind of classing her and myself according to the Linnean system.

Pietro. Faith, Roderigo, nothing could be more natural. I dare say you have found all the ladies more frequent visitors to your garden since this system has become prevalent.

Rod. In truth, all the ladies who come to the castle do say that botany has lately become a most interesting pursuit.

Pietro. To be sure it has ; in my country there is scarcely a girl of twelve years old, who cannot tell every vegetable intrigue, from a rose tree down to a cabbage plant : the sphere of love, and scandal too, is removed from the play-house to the kitchen-garden.

Rod. True, very true, your honour—if you could but see here sometimes the countess Hortensia, with her two pretty daughters, Signora Rosa and Signora Myrtila, how they do handle and finger every flower that they meet with ! Dear mamma, says one, do see this plant, it looks rather withered and drooping ; do you think it is in love, mamma ? Lord, child, says she, that's a tetrandrian plant, which has got four husbands, you know——poor thing, no wonder it it looks drooping, (she adds, with a sigh ;) four husbands must be a great deal to bear with ! !

Piet. In truth, Signor Roderigo, botanical loves are interesting, or disgusting, according to the nature of the parties—an amorous myrtle gives a pleasant idea, but a gallant parsnip—oh, fie ! Linnean amours may be pleasing among geraniums, in a green house, but they are d—n'd low among sow-thistles in a ditch. But Jaquelina——

VARIETY.

Copy of one of Cromwell's Letters to his Wife.

“ MY DEAREST,

I have not leisure to write much, but I could chide thee, that in many of thy letters thou writest to me, that I should not be unmindful of thee and thy little ones. Truly, if I love you not too well, I think I err not on the other hand much.

“ Thou art dearer to me than any creature : let that suffice. The Lord hath shewed us an exceeding mercy. Who can tell how great it is ? My weak faith hath been

upheld : I have been, in my inward man, marvelously supported ; though I assure thee, I grow an old man, and feel infirmities of age marvelously stealing upon me. Would my corruptions did as fast decrease ! Pray on my behalf in the latter respect.

“ The particulars of our late success Harry Vane or Gil. Pickering will impart to thee. My love to all dear friends.

*Dunbar, the
4th of Sept. 1650.*

“ Thine,
“ O. CROMWELL.”

Lorenzo de Medici in the following Sonnet not only animates the violets, but represents them as accounting, by a beautiful fiction, for their purple colour.

SONNET.

Not from the verdant garden's cultur'd bound,
That breathes of Pæstum's aromatic gale,
We sprung ; but nurslings of the lonely vale,
Midst woods obscure, and native glooms were found.
Midst woods and glooms, whose tangled brakes around
Once Venus sorrowing traced, as all forlorn
She sought Adonis, when a lurking thorn
Deep on her foot impress'd an impious wound.
Then prone to earth we bow'd our pallid flowers,
And caught the drops divine ; the purple dyes
Tinging the lustre of our native hue :
Nor summer gales, nor art-conducted showers
Have nursed our slender forms, but lovers sighs
Have been our gales, and lovers tears our dew.

BALLAD STANZAS.

BY THOMAS MOORE ESQ.

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said “ If there's peace to be found in the world,
“ A heart that was humble might hope for it here !”

It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd around
In silence repos'd the voluptuous bee ;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the wood-pecker tapping the hallow beech-tree.

And “ here in this lone little wood,” I exclaim'd
“ With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye, [blam'd,
“ Who would blush when I prais'd her, and weep when I
“ How blest could I live, and how calm could I die.

“ By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
“ In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
“ And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
“ Which had never been sigh'd on by any but mine !”

A merchant dying greatly in debt, his goods were set to sale ; a stranger would needs buy a pillow there ; saying, this pillow sure is good to sleep on ; since he could sleep, upon it, who owed so much money.

ANECDOTE OF DEAN SWIFT.

Swift, like many who jest freely on others, could not bear a retort. Dining one day at a public dinner of the mayor and corporation at Cork, he observed that Alderman Brown, father to the bishop of that diocese, fed very heartily without speaking a word, & was so intent upon that business, as to become a proper object of ridicule. Accordingly he threw out many successful jests upon the Alderman who fed with the silence of a still sow, neither seeming to regard what the Dean said, nor at all moved by the repeated bursts of laughter at his expence. Toward the latter end of the repast, Swift happened to be helped to some roasted duck, and desired to have some apple sauce on the same plate: upon which the Alderman bawled out, "Mr. Dean, you eat your duck like a goose!" this unexpected sally threw the company into a long fit of laughter, and Swift was silent the rest of the day.

ANECDOTE OF HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

Henry the fourth on declaring war against Spain had some thoughts of abolishing the land tax. Sully asked him where he should be able to find the money he wanted for carrying on the war. "In the hearts of my people," replied Henry; "that is a treasure which can never fail me."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have some charming poetic favours to acknowledge this week, as well as to offer our thanks to those who have sent us selections.

We invite AURELIUS to the cultivation of his poetic talents.

We announce with pleasure, another communication from our sylphick correspondent, which came too late for insertion in this number. He has chosen a grave subject for an ærial inhabitant; but we still recognise the sportive touches of our agreeable Sylph.

We shall be happy to find in INCOGNITUS a frequent correspondent.

We would recommend P. W. S. to let the old manuscripts lay undisturbed in the book case of his father. We do not think their emerging from darkness will diffuse much light.

We are told by many of our readers, that the Companion to be interesting, should sometimes tell a tale of terror, and sometimes breathe of love and sentiment: now as it unfortunately happens that time has cast her sobering influence

on our imagination and that our days of love and romance are long ago gone by, we do most sincerely regret, that it is not in our power to afford them such amusement; but if any Cupid-smitten hero or heroine, or sentimental swain or damsel, will send us the effusions which this season for shady groves, and purling rills, and flowery meads, and moonlight walks, must so often inspire, we will gratify the taste of such readers, with the greatest pleasure.

The editor of the Companion deems it an act of justice—with which he cannot dispense, to give an explanation of the share he has had in the management of this paper, and the part taken by the person chiefly concerned in conducting it, respecting the account communicated to the public of St Mary's College.

When the editor joined the Easy Club, and became the ostensible director of the paper in question, it was not with a view of bestowing upon it any part of his time; he well knew this would interfere with his professional avocations, and these he has determined, no consideration whatsoever shall interrupt. His object alone was to furnish some useful employment to one whose interest he is engaged by every tie to promote, to that person therefore he committed the task of carrying it on. In the performance of this duty, it was thought that examinations at St. Mary's College would furnish interesting materials for the paper, they were therefore diligently attended for the purpose of obtaining them. This suggested the idea of giving to the public an account of the origin of that institution, which has of late engaged much general attention.—When this appeared, it gave rise to an attack upon the ostensible Editor, and to subsequent warm controversy. Not having seen the account until after it was published, nor indeed considered the nature of it, until after the attack, this necessarily urged a more particular inquiry, and he was led to believe the account was little more than a translation from the French. Having communicated this, it has provoked several animadversions, the foundation for which demands the strictest scrutiny.

The editor is now authorised in the most positive terms, to declare that the only assistance received from any person concerned with the College, were short notes containing dates and facts that could not have been otherwise known; but that every syllable purporting to eulogise the College, or to felicitate this city upon the benefits which would result from this institution was dictated by the person who witnessed the examinations, and that for every thing it contains, except the facts already stated, that person is alone responsible.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

We are indebted to a friend for a copy of this charming versification of Sterne's Maria, which we believe is from the pen of an American.

As I pass'd, I beheld, by a poplar o'ershaded,
Where a rill, thro' a thicket meander'd along,
Maria, whose bloom her distresses had faded,
Wildly warbling her tenderly querulous song.

Her form in a robe of pure white was invested,
Her hair o'er her delicate hand loosely flow'd,
As upon it her craz'd head, she pensively rested,
And gaz'd on the flow'rs that around here were strow'd.

From the girdle that clasp'd her, a string was suspended,
To which, Sylvio, her only companion, was tied;
Her pipe on a ribbon of pale green depended,
That hung from her shoulder, and wav'd at her side.

The regard of her father, she ne'er could recover;
Her goat, that once sported along as she stray'd,
Had deserted her like her ungenerous lover,
And left to herself, this unfortunate maid.

As I look'd at her dog, the sweet girl drew him nearer,
Ah! leave me not Sylvio, she tenderly cries;
She remember'd her goat, but her father, still dearer,
Drew tears of regret from her wild-rolling eyes.

I sat down beside her, in mute contemplation,
And wip'd off her tears, e'er they fairly had flown,
While my bosom was throbbing with strange perturbation,
I wip'd off alternately her's and my own.

The mind of Maria recall'd the impression,
I'd made when I pitied her sorrows before;
And the charms that attended her artless confession
Now heighten'd the feelings of sympathy more.

"I remember," said she, "though my mind was distracted,
"The stranger who saw me, with pity was mov'd,
"To see the unhappy Maria neglected
"By those she had honour'd, and him she had lov'd.

"My goat stole his handkerchief, and the offender
"I beat, and he left me to wander alone;
"But I wash'd, and have kept it, and mean to surrender,
"Should I e'er again see him, what's truly his own."

Then saying no more, the unfortunate mourner
Produc'd it, enclos'd in the leaves of a vine;
A tendril surrounded it, and, on the corner,
I saw the initial that told me 'twas mine.

"Since that have I seen in my devious wand'rings
"St. Peter's at Rome, and walk'd round it with joy,—
"The Po and the Tiber's romantic meandrings,
"And return'd without shoes o'er the flints of Savoy.

"The cloud cover'd Appenines, too, have beheld me
On their hoary cliffs roving, alone, and forlorn—
"But the same kind Divinity led, and upheld me,
"That tempers the wind to the lamb that is shorn."

Shorn indeed to the quick, said I; but could I ever
Be blest with thy sight in my own peaceful cot,
No sorrows of thine, or my own should dis sever
Maria, from him, who now pities her lot.

My study should be to relieve thy distresses;
Thy heart chill'd by neglect, should my sympathy warm;
Every tear should be dried by my tender caresses,
And my cottage should shelter thy limbs from the storm.

No more o'er the cliff, or the cataract foaming,
Should the steps of the hapless Maria, be led,
But whene'er I beheld thee, in solitude roaming,
My hand should conduct thee back safe to my shed.

When at evening the sun in his splendor descended,
To heav'n should our mutual devotion arise,
And my prayers by the sound of thy soft pipe attended,
Smiling Seraphs should bear on their wings to the skies.

My heart thrill'd again, for the fair mourner grieving,
My eyes were with tears of compassion suffus'd,
I was wiping them off, when Maria perceiving
My 'kerchief already too drench'd to be us'd,

"Let me wash it," said she, "in this stream near us flowing."
And where will you dry it, half fell from my tongue;
"In my bosom," said she. And is that still so glowing?
I touch'd on the string, where her sorrows all hung.

I discern'd by her wild eye, her painful sensation,
To the Virgin she tun'd her pipe plaintive and slow;
The string I had touch'd upon, ceas'd its vibration—
She dropt her pipe, hastily rising to go.

Adieu, sweet Maria, adieu lovely creature!
Thy griefs undeserv'd I must pity in vain,
For none but the Infinite Author of nature,
Who has wounded thy heart, can e'er heal it again.

A Tyro who sometimes woos his muse, presents himself with
his first fruits, at the feet of the Easy Chair, awaiting a de-
cision to prosecute his claim for induction into the Tem-
ple of the Muses, or to finish his noviciate and resign all
hopes.

TO LOUISA.

Roses, the summer's pride decay,
The blossoms die, upon the tree,
All nature's works, tho' charming, pay
The tribute due by fate's decree.

Your outward beauties soon will fade,
But cheering summer will remain,
For sense and knowledge ne'er were made
To stem the tide of time in vain.

AURELIUS.